JAMESTOWN'S GREAT EXPOSITION OPENED

President Roosevelt Touches Button and Sets Things Moving.

ADDRESS MADE FROM SHAKY BOX.

The Opening Was Auspicious Despite the Incompleteness of the Exposition Buildings—Crowds Were Large and Would Have Been Enormous If the Transportation Facilities Had Been Sufficient to Convey Visitors to the Exposition Grounds.

Jamestown Exposition Grounds, Va. (Special).—Three hundred guns at sunrise, 500 guns at 9 o'clock, a prayer, a speech, a golden key pressed by the President of the United States, a thousand flags unfurled from the rooftops of a new Magic City; then move guns booming from the sides of visiting battleships, from the clean-cut hulls of our own matchless fleet, and from the gray walls of Fortress Monroe. Thus was the exposition begun, which celebrates the 300th anniversary of the first English settlement in America, and is designed to demonstrate to the world the progress our country has made in art and science, in commerce and invention, since the followers of Capt. John Smith blazed a trail through the wilderness and laid the foundations of the Virginia commonwealth.

Guns, Flags And Music.

The guns and dags and martial music which predominated at the spectacular opening of the big Virginia fair would have led the uninitiated to believe that this is all a war show. But this is only the outward display—the front of war that guards industry and of peace. Within the gates of the exposition, the only signs that smack of power and force are the blue-coated policemen and the militiamen on duty to save the crowds from themselves over enthusiasm and to point the way for straggling strangers to the great buildings where are shown the products of human industry and peace.

This is the program that was followed at the formal opening of the exposition:

1. Opening prayer by the Rt. Rev. Alfred Magill Randolph, bishop of the diocese of Southern Virginia.

2. Address and introduction of the President of the United States by the Hon. Harry St. George Tucker, president of the Jamestown Exposition Association.

Mr. Tucker's address was historical, giving events that led to the independence of the colonies and relating incidents that centered at Jamestown.

Mr. Roosevelt's Address.

He introduced President Roosevelt, who said, in part:

"At the outset I wish to say a word of special greeting to the representatives of the foreign governments here present. They have come to assist us in celebrating what was in very truth the birthday of this nation, for it was here that the colonists first settled, whose incoming, whose growth from their own loins and by the addition of newcomers from abroad, was to make the people which 169 years later assumed the solemn responsibilities and weighty duties of complete independence."

The President began with England and Ireland, said he had but a small amount of English blood in his veins and went down welcoming each nation represented.

To The Japs.

To the Japs he said:

"In particular, let me express a word of hearty welcome to the representative of the mighty island empire of Japan; that empire, which, dawning from the West, has shown what it had so much, so very much, to teach the West in return.

"To all of you here gathered I express my thanks for your coming, and I extend to you my earnest wishes for the welfare of your several nations."

He then spoke of the significance of the exposition, of the anniversary of Jamestown and the growth of the country from that to the present time. After alluding to the civil war the President said:

The Blue And The Gray.

"Oh, my hearers, my fellow countrymen, let us rejoice that across our good fortune; for as time clears away the mists that once obscured brother from brother and made each look as through a glass darkly at the other, we can all feel the same pride in the valor, the devotion and the fealty toward the right as it was given on each to see the right, shown alike by the men who wore the blue and by the men who wore the gray."

Some Epigrams.

"We cannot afford to forget the maxim upon which Washington insisted, that the surest way to avert war is to be prepared to meet it.

"Either people must govern themselves or they must submit to being governed by others.

"They can prevent the need of government from without only in so far that they possess the power of government within.

Corporations.

"At the moment the greatest problem before us is how to exercise such control over the business side of vast wealth, individual, but especially corporate, as will insure it not being used against the interests of the public, while yet permitting such ample opportunity for its well-encouraged individual initiative.

Rector Of Russian Seminary Shot.

Tambov, Russia (By Cable).—Father Simmeon, rector of the Ecclesiastical Seminary here, was shot and seriously wounded. It is thought that the would-be assassin is an ex-student.

Kills Himself On A Train.

Fulton, Ky. (Special).—James Gilbert, son of a wealthy tobacco man of Murray, Ky., committed suicide on board a train en route from Memphis, Tenn., by swallowing poison. No cause for the act is known.

Plague Rages At Cartagena.

Madrid (By Cable).—According to an evening newspaper the ministry of marine has received a telegram from the captain general at Cartagena, saying the plague is raging at that port and that 250 persons have been sent to hospitals.

Accepts Tariff Plan.

Berlin (By Cable).—The economic committee has accepted the provisional tariff arrangement with the United States. No concessions for the admission of American meats, however, have been made.

DIES OF X-RAY CANCER

Scientist Succumbs To Disease From Experiments.

Chicago (Special).—Prof. Wolfram C. Fuchs, the original X-ray expert in this city, who became blind by a peculiar malady about three years ago known as X-ray cancer, died Wednesday, aged 41 years.

So far as known, Professor Fuchs' death is the fifth attributed to experiments with Roentgen rays, the other victims being an assistant to Thomas A. Edison, a Boston physician, Bertha Fleischman, of San Francisco, and Dr. Louis A. Weigel, the Rochester surgeon, who died a year ago.

Professor Fuchs first became affected in 1905 in both hands. In the fall of that year the first joint of the thumb of the right hand was removed, and between that time and his death, he underwent five operations—first for the removal of portions of the fingers on both hands and later for a part of the muscles covering the right breast.

BONDS STOLEN

WORTH $400,000

Effort To Get Mayor Quincy, of Boston, In Plot.

VERY PROMINENT MAN INVOLVED.

Citizen Prominent in Financial and Political Circles of Massachusetts Has Been Connected With Broker Dennett and Bond Clerk Douglass Now Under Arrest.

New York (Special).—Part of the real story of the Douglass-Dennett bond thefts from the Trust Company of America just leaked out.

W. C. Douglass, the assistant bond clerk, had been taking bonds, it is said, in small amounts from the company for a year. He had been speculating in the market, expecting to return the bonds after he had made his pile. In these operations he was associated, it is charged, with Oliver M. Dennett. It was Dennett, it is said, who peddled the bonds around Wall Street in small amounts, putting them up as collateral for loans from reputable brokers and banking houses.

Last week the affairs of the Douglass-Dennett combination became so desperate that Douglass decided that nothing but a bold stroke, it is said, could save him. On last Friday, therefore, he dipped into the trust company's strong box, it is alleged, and walked away with several hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds. One man who had been the details of the case said that the clerk took $400,000 of the bonds.

It was Douglass' purpose, it is stated, in making this big haul, to put the trust company in such a position that it might give him immunity for the small amounts which he had taken and which he would return in the larger amount.

Letters Sent Mayor Quincy.

Following this plan, a letter, it is said, was sent either by Douglass or Dennett to Joseph Quincy, former mayor of Boston. Dennett was formerly a Boston man, and it is said that he had met Mr. Quincy there. According to the story, the letter contained a request that Mr. Quincy would act as counsel for Douglass in negotiating a settlement with the trust company. According to statements that Dennett has made Mr. Quincy refused to have anything to do with the case.

At any rate, a Rhode Island lawyer, it is understood, called on President Oakleigh Thorne, of the trust company, on Sunday in regard to this matter of a peaceful settlement of the trouble between the trust company and the Douglass-Dennett combination. Mr. Thorne informed the lawyer that both Dennett and Douglass were under arrest, and that broke up the conference.

Mr. Quincy Robertson Honey, a lawyer of this city, appeared for Douglass. Mr. Honey announced at the time that he had not been retained by the defendant, but by another party. Mr. Honey is a brother-in-law of Joseph Quincy, and is the son of Samuel R. Honey, of Newport, former lieutenant governor of Rhode Island. He is a graduate of Harvard and West Point, and was an acknowledgment of each thus made.

Bird Gardner.

It is said on good authority that Douglass is a third cousin to Boston other than any yet mentioned who is connected in some way or other with Douglass and Dennett in the looting of the trust company. This man is described as fairly prominent both in financial and political circles in Massachusetts. That the alleged Douglass plan to force the trust company into giving his immunity failed was due, in large part, it is believed, to the prompt action which President Thorne took at a young meeting of the trust company took. Douglass was arrested almost before he had had an opportunity to get out of town.

How the trust company recovered the big batch of bonds which Douglass took of his farewell visit to the vault has not been explained, but that it has recovered the securities is evident from statements which representatives of the company have made.

Gompers Will Make Reply.

Washington (Special).—Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, says that he will later make answer to President Roosevelt's letter reiterating his classification of the Idaho labor leaders, Moyer and Haywood, as "undesirable citizens." Further than this, Mr. Gompers would not comment on the letter, but it was received with applause at the headquarters of the Federation.

Loeb To Quit Post.

Washington (Special).—Secretary to the President Loeb will resign on January 1, to become president of the Washington Railway and Electric Company. Efforts are now being made by a combination of local and outside interests to secure control of this Company. If they succeed the present directors will be turned out, the road will be reorganized and the presidency offered to Secretary Loeb, who will accept it. The change, if it occurs, will take place on January 1.

PEACE BIRDS DEPART, WAR BIRDS GATHER.

—Drawn by Cartoonist DeMar, for the Philadelphia Record.

GUNS ROAR, BUT PEACE REIGNS

The Great Exposition at Jamestown Opens--Whole World Represented.

THE GREATEST NAVAL PAGEANT IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

Fifty fighting ships, representing five great nations, participated in the naval pageant attended upon the opening of the Jamestown Exposition Friday.

The deep-throated guns of the 50 ships voiced a salute in unison as President Roosevelt reviewed them from the deck of the yacht Mayflower.

The great fleet represented almost every type of fighting craft, from the "cheese box" Canonicus to the Connecticut, America's newest and most powerful battleship.

The spectacle was viewed by representativesof court, naval and military—87 of the nations of the world.

The ships of the foreign Powers, except Germany, being painted a dark drab and the American and German ships being of spotless white made it appear as if there were two great fleets.

The foreign vessels were given the positions of honor, the flag-ships of England, Germany and the United States lining up together.

Jamestown Exposition Grounds, Hampton Roads, Va. (Special).—The deep-throated guns of five great nations voiced a salute in unison to the American flag and to the President of the United States. The reverberating of the cannon sped thundering and re-echoing over the waters of farfamed Hampton Roads, where nearly half a century ago the Monitor and the Merrimac met in the memorable conflict which brought into being the armored craft of war.

From the "little Yankee chesebox set upon a raft" and the rectangular mass of iron which carried the Confederate flag in 1862 to the modern fighting machines typified by the flower of the American Navy gathered in holiday assemblage is a far cry. Yet many of those who stood on the shore and witnessed the naval pageant in the roadstead vividly recalled the historic time when the wind-rippled waters which formed the setting of this great international rendezvous of war vessels of recent years were splashing with the shot and shell of the first great battle of steel-clad ships.

Under the new schedule train No. 25 left the city only 2 minutes behind the Sabine and over 50 persons missed the train by that margin. The new schedule has reduced number of passengers allowed placed in the three rear coaches to 75 instead of 100 as formerly provided. Boyd and Melancon were crushed to death in the wreckage after the wreck their mangled bodies were found under the debris in the shallow water.

Longworth Assailed.

Columbus, O. (Special).—In his morning sermon at the Second Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati Sunday, Rev. Robert Watson noticed the dinner to Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Longworth to her son, Congressman-Elect Longworth, in the White House. The President's daughter, and said that any one who violated the Sabbath was not fit to represent a district in Congress.

Jack London Sets Sail.

San Francisco (Special).—Jack London's sailboat, the Snark, started for Honolulu, the first port, on a cruise that is to last three years or more. The vessel is forty-five feet long, and London and his wife, are Herbert E. Stolz, a fiction writer and athlete; Roscoe Eames, captain; Martin Johnson, cook, and Hileshia Tochigi, steward.

Ian Maclaren Ill.

Ottumwa, Iowa (Special). — Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren), who was to have delivered a lecture to address the students of Iowa Wesleyan University, was taken seriously ill with tonsilitis and was removed to a hospital. All his engagements have been cancelled.

Watchman Murdered.

Waycross, Ga. (Special).—According to the verdict of the coroner's jury, John Grantham, 35 years old, was murdered by unknown parties at the new Atlantic Coast Line shops here. The body of the colored man was found at noon by his little son, who went to the shops to carry his father's dinner. He found the victim lying in his breast near the heart. The body was shot full of holes from the knees to the head and plunged into Chartiers Creek, 40 feet below. Scores of people witnessed death or injury through a change in the schedule.

The train was made up of four passenger coaches. It was crossing a trestle over the Chartiers Creek, when, without warning, the engine suddenly leaped from the rails and down into the stream underneath, taking the first coach with it. The forepart of the engine sank several feet into the mud of the creek bed. The coach was smashed to a splinters by its terrific impact with the locomotive. By the time rescuing men reared at hand more than chance there were no passengers in the front coach. The coupling between it and the second coach was wrenched in two when it was torn from the couplie by the engine.

Some of those in the three rear coaches knew of the accident or realized the danger from the escaping steam, but death until several minutes afterwards, when the cars, deprived of motive power and slackening their speed, came to a stop. A few sheepish went of this great international rendezvous of war vessels of recent years were splashing with the shot and shell of the first great battle of steel-clad ships.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The plan for a Cuban standing army of 12,000 men, suggested by the general staff of the United States Army is derided by the Liberals, though it is favored by the Government of the Cuban people.

The Mexican government has demanded of Guatemala the extradition of General Lima as a result of the confessions of the assassin of Generillas, implicating the former.

The Sultan of Siam arrived at Naples on his tour of the world.

A treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and Denmark has been signed, with a provision that differences between the two countries hereafter will be submitted to the Hague tribunal.

The marriage of the Grand Duke Nicholaievitch and Princess Anastasia, of Montenegro, will take place in the Crimea, May 12.

There are wide differences of opinion between the British government officials and the Irish Nationalists relative to the terms of the Irish bill to be introduced in Parliament May 7.

NEWS IN SHORT ORDER.

Reports from the leading cities of the interior of the United States indicate the views expressed by President Cowper, of the Federation of Labor, that there are no indications of any disturbance of business.

Several persons were killed by tornados in Texas and the town of Hemming was wiped out, and was banked up two feet deep in places.

Those attending the carnival ball, John Grantham, watchman at the Atlantic Coast Line shops, in Way Cross, Ga., was murdered.

Harrison Gay says the theatrical syndicate has now practically no Independents, who are stronger than people have been led to believe.

Miss Maude Harrison, a retired actress and sister of Louis Harrison, was standing with paralysis and died a few hours later.

A hearing was had in Rochester on charges of discrimination made by the Yawman & Erbe Manufacturing Company against a number of Western railroad companies.

Dennis Kearney, famous as an agitator against the Chinese in San Francisco, is dead.

AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Some Interesting Happenings Briefly Told.

A report made by Consul J. Martin Miller, at Rheims shows that the coat of living is relatively higher in France than in this country.

Postmaster General Meyer approved the scheduled readjustment of the increased salaries of letter-carriers.

Foreign importers of American grain continue their complaints of the condition of the imports on arrival.

Consul Richard Gunther reports on the growing of soap trees in Algeria.

Seven complaints were filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission against 16 railroad companies in the territory tributary to Indianapolis by the Indianapolis Freight Bureau.

It was stated that the new owners of the Washington Railway and Electric Company had selected Secretary Loeb for president.

AN ENGINE LEAPS FROM THE TRESTLE

Coupling Breaks and Saves a Hundred Passengers.

OTHER CARS STAYED ON TRACK.

Locomotive and One Coach Take Forty-foot Plunge — The Coach Was, Fortunately, Empty, as Many Passengers Missed the Train on Account of Change in Schedule.

Pittsburg, Pa. (Special). — Two men were killed and 100 passengers had a fortunate escape from a like fate in a wreck on the Wabash Railroad, when the engine and one passenger coach plunged through a bridge 27 left the tracks half a mile west of the Beechwood station, near here and plunged into Chartiers Creek, 40 feet below. Scores of people missed death or injury through a change in the schedule.

The train was made up of four passenger coaches. It was crossing a trestle over the Chartiers Creek, when, without warning, the engine suddenly leaped from the rails and down into the stream underneath, taking the first coach with it. The forepart of the engine sank several feet into the mud of the creek bed. The coach was smashed to a splinters by its terrific impact with the locomotive. By the time rescuing men reared at hand more than chance there were no passengers in the front coach. The coupling between it and the second coach was wrenched in two when it was torn from the couplie by the engine.

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DOUBLE TRAGEDY STOPS WEDDING

Girl Kills Former Lover and Herself.

HE WAS TO HAVE WED ANOTHER.

Young Woman Summons Former Sweetheart to Her by Phone and Calmly Shoots Him and Then Turns Weapon on Herself—Dead Man Was to Have Been Married to Another Woman.

Oil City, Pa. (Special).—Thaddeus Stevens Ross, of this city, was shot three times and instantly killed here Wednesday by Miss Belle Stroup. The young woman then shot herself through the heart. The tragedy occurred in the office of Dr. George W. Magee while the physician was at lunch, both victims were members of prominent families. Ross was to have been married Wednesday night at 9 o'clock to Miss Drusilla Sample, of this city. There were no witnesses to the shooting. The murder and suicide was a premeditated affair, according to the dead man. Ross was dinning at home with his family, discussing the coming marriage ceremony, when the telephone rang. His father answered the call, and a woman's voice made inquiry for "Thad." Mr. Ross called the son and the young man, after answering, picked up his coat and left the house, saying he had to go to the doctor's office for a few minutes, but would be back in time for lunch. This was the last time his parents saw him alive.

Body Blocked Office Door.

Miss Stroup arrived at noon from Bradford, where she had been employed in a hospital, and went directly to the office of Dr. Magee. Finding no one in the office she called Ross on the telephone. He asked her to come to the office and see her. What took place there no one will ever know. Coroner Orr has ascertained from persons who were in the building at the time that no loud talking took place between them, or that they had quarreled. When Dr. Magee returned from lunch and opened the door he found the dead bodies. In a chair in a corner of the office sat Ross, his head lying back on the chair and blood streaming from a bullet wound in his neck. His forehead was burned with powder where a bullet entered his brain. Another ball had pierced his heart. Miss Stroup was lying a few feet away, face downward, where her body partly blocked the office door. Blood was flowing from a wound in her left side.

Ross had seated himself in a large chair, and apparently had turned to the girl, had placed both hands in his trousers pockets. The girl drew two revolvers, both loaded, before doing the shooting had slipped both her hands from the gloves, and had fired with her bare, bloody wrists.

Fell At Man's Feet.

It is thought she walked over to the chair in which Ross was seated, and, standing at his left side, faced her with her dress, fired the first shot at his head. Powder burns were moved, as the position of the body was natural when found by Dr. Magee. To make sure of her work, the girl fired two more shots, one taking effect in the neck and the other entering the brain. Standing over her victim, she then turned the revolver through the hand and fired the fatal shot into her body.

Miss Stroup was born in this county 24 years ago. Both her parents are dead, and she is survived by one brother, Frank Stroup, who is in the Coal Hill. Ross was a son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ross and was 25 years old. He was employed in the postoffice here. He was a member of the Spanish-American War and served in the Philippines with the regular Army at its close. Like Samuels, the bride-elect is prostrated tonight.

Beg For Dowie Funeral.

Waukegan, Ill. (Special).—An urgent appeal for funds additional was created at Zion City to obtain $500 to pay for Dowie's funeral. He died in Mexico and his wife is in the deposition to pay the bill. There has been some grumbling by those to whom the funds are due.

Davila Succeeds Bonilla.

Puerto Cortez, Honduras (By Cable).—A new provisional government has been organized with Gen. Miguel R. Davila as President and Gen. Dionisio Gutierrez minister of war. The telegram said that this government was formed by "unanimous consent."

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

The Bank of Germany reduced its discount rate from 6 to 5½ per cent. Debtors increased its bill-dent rate from 10 per cent to 12 per cent. per annum.

The number of new merchant ships under construction is considerably greater than a year ago.

The Penney's steel rail order for 1907 will be about 300,000 tons, against 170,000 tons last year.

Exports of domestic merchandise at New York last week were $12,957,725, against $12,798,514. Imports were $8,675,154, against $7,837,642 same period of 1906.

The week's weekly weather bulletin had the effect of putting up the price of wheat and of forcing some uneasiness over the prospects of the final yield.

The Grand Trunk the net business year of any of the thirty-six railroads in the Philadelphia, the amount being $575,000. Earnings so far this year exceed those for the same period in 1906.

Electric Company of America directors were re-elected as follows: A. Loudon Snowden, J. H. Catherwood, C. A. Cotton, E. General Thompson, F. M. Walton, G. B. Roberts, J. Hayes, H. T. Hartman, H. S. Kerbaugh. President Snowden stated in his report that all of the surplus earnings for 1906 had been expended on the property in extension and betterment.

The treaty just entered late by Nicaragua and Salvador includes a provision for a General Central American Peace Congress, to be held in Nicaragua in the near future.

DOINGS OF THE OLD DOMINION

The Latest Virginia News Told in Short Order.

Factional feeling is strong in Nelson County regarding the coming trial of Judge William G. Loving, who killed Thaddeus Estes because of alleged illicit intimacy of his daughter, Elizabeth. There has been an attempt to convey the idea that all is tranquil, but the tragedy has not ceased by any means to be the prevailing theme, and many have taken sides, thus creating not a little bitterness. Public sentiment is running high throughout the whole of Nelson County. So acute has the situation become that much speculation is now indulged in as to whether, after all the trial of Judge Loving will be held in Nelson County, and whether Judge Bennett T. Gordon, the Circuit Court Judge, will preside. The recalls memories of a personal encounter between Judge Lovings and Judge Gordon, which occurred years ago.

Mr. Robert Bradley, widely known in Virginia Bradley, died at his home in Greenway, at Winchester, Va., on Wednesday morning. Mr. Bradley was 73 years old, and had been paralyzed for three months. He was widely known as a breeder and racer of thoroughbred horses. Racing was in vogue in New York, Bradley won a small fortune with them. His father was Billy Bilson, whose remarkable performance won for him the sobriquet of the "Iron Horse." But the greatest triumph of the Virginia turfman's life was when he sent Robert Walker to the post in the American Derby at Chicago in 1894. This colt was bred and raised at Greenway and was the son of Salvator, out of Virgie. Mr. Bradley is survived by a widow and two children, Misses Sue and Martha Bradley, of Winchester.

The coroner's jury investigating the death of the negroes found dead in the servants' room at the residence of Rev. W. H. Powell, of Danville, rendered a verdict that died as the result of drinking ore whisky "spiked" with cocaine and strychnine by some person unknown. In its object the examination of the coppe-bearing rocks in that region; be it suffice to say that during this metal-chasing trip Dr. Butler, geologist, of Chicago, and myself were the unsparing victims of a very sure-tying adventure, which befell us on the southwest coast of Gulf of California.

One sun-bathed morning fifty or ten miles south of La Paz, Dr. Butler and I found ourselves upon the beach of a comparatively small island, having specimens of basaltic and trachytic rock. I accompanied him, ready to assist in the collection and measurements of the locality if necessary.

We had just wended our way round the foot of a bluff and rocky headland when we saw before us a large, black, rocky-grit or three sides. About 150 feet across a, its island apex, the cove penetrated several hundred feet into the rocky coast. Precipitous were its sides and also its coziness, but its deep and sparkling waters looked cool and inviting.

In the blank and shrubless cliff across the inlet we discerned the gaping mouth of a cavern, with its lower sign forgetfulness. One felt one's helplessness, one's utter insignificance.

But hark! What was that strange swishing sound that broke the stillence? It was quite close to me—beside me. Horrors! I sprang to my feet with a sharp exclamation, for there, not a dozen feet away, was a tall, triangular fin—the dorsal fin of a huge shark!

A cry from me brought Dr. Butler quickly to my side. "Great heavens!" cried he, visibly affected, as he gazed upon the hideous creature. "What a bloodthirsty brute he looks! The blood from my foot must have attracted him from the open."

A moment more and a terrible thought flashed simultaneously through our brains. This horrible creating denizen of the deep was our jailer! So long he remained there our only avenue of escape was closed.

The doctor turned and looked at me in silence, and in silence I returned his scrutiny. Each knew only too well that for us there was no way of gaining the opposite shore and liberty except by swimming across the inlet. We knew, moreover, that if we assayed the passage he would be taken by the monster to pay the price of the other's temerity.

But, the render may ask, why not, in preference to such a horrible fate was attempted to overpower the cavern—the "pings"—as both we knew, from the marks on the rocks, had been? The surface we certainly would be able to breathe and live. Every instant we expected to see that ominous dorsal fin enter and cleave the water of the cove, and then raise our monster to the surface. A max of horror before ending forever our nerve racking vigil. But it came not. The monster remained on the bottom.

Now, if ever, the moment for action by the castaways was at hand. We felt loath to go, for blood still flowed copiously from the doctor's wounded foot—manifestly a state of things that enhanced our danger tenfold. Go we must, and each must take his chance.

Calming myself as best I could, I whispered to the doctor, who leads the way:

"You, if you like," he rejoined.

In this reply there was nothing suggestive of cowardliness, for to follow in the wake of a trail of blood left by the doctor's foot was, in the event of the keen scented shark being absent from the inlet, equally as dangerous as swimming in the lead in case the brute was still present. So I decided to lead.

Quietly I slid down into the water and anxiously commenced to breast the tide. At the cavern's mouth I heard a quiet splash behind me—it was the doctor entering the water. The ordeal of our lives was now commenced in earnest.

Passing through the entrance with a prayer on my lips, I swam into the dark recesses of the cavern. For a moment I was blinded by the myriads of dazling lights that danced upon the surrounding wavelets, and in that moment my consciousness became filmed over with the fear of death. With an effort I regained my self-control and struck out boldly. With what soul harrowing dread during those first few strokes I scanned the waters no pen of mine can adequately describe; never, I hope, shall I experience the like again. Then, with mixed feelings of pleasure and grave concern at finding the death bringing fin absent, I headed for the opposite shore with all my might and main. Would the shark scent us and return? That was the thought that rankled in my mind.

Half-way across, as I turned my head and looked, I fancied I saw the dreaded fin projecting above the even surface of the ocean. To fancy it ing me to dwell upon the horrible reality of it, and my speed, in consequence, was diminished. With a great mental effort I forced my thoughts into other channels; then I commenced to forge ahead again.

It was not far now—a few more and I would be safe.

A moment more and I touched a rock, and pulled myself ashore.

But what about my poor friend on the doctor? I looked back to see about thirty feet from the shore, swimming very feebly. In his wake I noticed a reddish cloud; and also a slow drive of blood—his death scent. His face was exceedingly pale, and its expression painfully haggard, although a flash of courage spasmodically flickered in his eyes. I could see he was betokened a speedy collapse. No doubt, seeing that I was safe, he had taken all his remaining pessimistic view of his own position. He commenced to swim lower in the water, and I resolved he was about to drown! "Doctor, doctor!" I shouted. "Buck up! Don't be afraid! There's nothing dangerous near you. Everything's quite safe! Make for the shore!"

The spasm of despair had passed. Well for him that it had, for at that moment I espied a shadow coming to help him the deadly fin suddenly appeared, cleaving the water. There, a few dozen feet from the inlet's mouth, was seeking the deep water ingress. My eye traveled from the fin to the doctor, and I tried to weigh up the chances between them. If the shark delayed a little longer he was safe—just a chance.

Meanwhile the doctor, innocent of his danger, was swimming a great deal better. But suddenly as I gladdened furtively seaward, he began his abruptly turned its thin edge to-wards the entrance, and the brute seemed to hesitate, to manifest passage in a series of tacks as it crossed and recrossed the scent of blood. What was it to do? Another moments more and all would be over.

With a supreme effort I tried to force an air of calmness I cried, "Swim up, old man! Put up a brave strength behind those strokes—that is better!"

I cast a hurried glance over my shoulder, and saw the fin drawing steadily nearer.

"Keep your eye on me—don't let it stray!" I called again. "Make for this rock."

The fin was now heading directly toward him.

Beads of cold perspiration stood on my brow; I ran into the water up to my waist and fairly shrieked at him. "Doctor! for the love of heaven—swim! Swim—swim!" For your life—quick! Ah! Thank God!"

The doctor had seized hold of a swinging him by a mighty effort clear out of the water.

An instant later the teeth of the shark clashed as he whisked by in his bid his nicknames. And then, saved from the very jaws of death, we stood and I felt upon the sand, utterly exhausted and unnerved.—The Wide World Magazine.

Shared the Statue.

Near the entrance of beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, where reposes the dust of James G. Blaine, there is a large bronze statue of Columbia and Liberty. Beside it was the figure of a woman, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." The bringing home of the remains of this famous woman, who died at Tunis in North Africa generations ago, when he was serving there as United States Consul, was the occasion of a great national function more than twenty years ago.

The late William Corcoran, the Washington banker and philanthropist, who erected the cemetery chapel also paid for the monument and statue of Payne which mark his resting place in Oak Hill. The sculptor who executed the life size statue had planned to use as a picture of John Howard Payne the photograph of a man whose face was completely covered with a luxuriant growth of whiskers. Accordingly he faithfully reproduced the whiskers in marble. Soon after the statue was set up in Oak Hill it was discovered that John Howard Payne had never worn a beard.

The sculptor, enraged and undaunted, proceeded forthwith to chisel the whiskers off of the marble face, and the author of "Home, Sweet Home," so that to-day the visitor to Georgetown's heroic old cemetery holds the classic face in marble of John Howard Payne with the hated growth for a mustache. —Washington Herald.

All Kinds of Hammers.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tools. The primitive hammer was simply a stone fastened to a handle with thongs, and it was as useful as a weapon as a tool.

Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty-ton hammers of shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from ninety to 100 tons.—Baltimore Sun.

Two Men and a Shark

By H. P. BAILEY.

Imprisoned in a cave, with a Kaffir leopard guard outside and only room for the rising of the tide to enter and seize his victims! Such was the position in which the author and his companion found themselves. What happened afterwards is graphically told in the subjoined narrative.]

I was at San Francisco taking my new employer's advice—a rest. One morning he had failed to meet his appointment—and me. He just left a gun pair of heels and a little note. The latter advised me to follow his fine example, or remain and take the chess rest. I acted on the latter had to

In a week's very active "rest" my abilities were sold to a newspaper syndicate, "The San Francisco and California Copper Company." It was to accompany another gentleman as a surveyor on a copper prospecting expedition in Southern California.

That week one of the Pacific Mail boats—the City of Panama, I think—sailed for Mexico and Peru, and in her we took berths. In due days we were dropped at Manzanet, a port on the west coast of Lower California, overlooking the Gulf of California to La Paz—an elysium, indeed, after the sweltering Greenway and was the son of Salvator, out of Virgie. Mr. Bradley is survived by a widow and two children, Misses Sue and Martha Bradley, of Winchester.

The coroner's jury investigating the death of the negroes found dead in the servants' room at the residence of Rev. W. H. Powell, of Danville, rendered a verdict that died as the result of drinking ore whisky "spiked" with cocaine and strychnine by some person unknown. In its object the examination of the coppe-bearing rocks in that region; be it suffice to say that during this metal-chasing trip Dr. Butler, geologist, of Chicago, and myself were the unsparing victims of a very sure-tying adventure, which befell us on the southwest coast of Gulf of California.

One sun-bathed morning fifty or ten miles south of La Paz, Dr. Butler and I found ourselves upon the beach of a comparatively small island, having specimens of basaltic and trachytic rock. I accompanied him, ready to assist in the collection and measurements of the locality if necessary.

We had just wended our way round the foot of a bluff and rocky headland when we saw before us a large, black, rocky-grit or three sides. About 150 feet across a, its island apex, the cove penetrated several hundred feet into the rocky coast. Precipitous were its sides and also its coziness, but its deep and sparkling waters looked cool and inviting.

In the blank and shrubless cliff across the inlet we discerned the gaping mouth of a cavern, with its lower sign forgetfulness. One felt one's helplessness, one's utter insignificance.

But hark! What was that strange swishing sound that broke the stillence? It was quite close to me—beside me. Horrors! I sprang to my feet with a sharp exclamation, for there, not a dozen feet away, was a tall, triangular fin—the dorsal fin of a huge shark!

A cry from me brought Dr. Butler quickly to my side. "Great heavens!" cried he, visibly affected, as he gazed upon the hideous creature. "What a bloodthirsty brute he looks! The blood from my foot must have attracted him from the open."

A moment more and a terrible thought flashed simultaneously through our brains. This horrible creating denizen of the deep was our jailer! So long he remained there our only avenue of escape was closed.

The doctor turned and looked at me in silence, and in silence I returned his scrutiny. Each knew only too well that for us there was no way of gaining the opposite shore and liberty except by swimming across the inlet. We knew, moreover, that if we assayed the passage he would be taken by the monster to pay the price of the other's temerity.

But, the render may ask, why not, in preference to such a horrible fate was attempted to overpower the cavern—the "pings"—as both we knew, from the marks on the rocks, had been? The surface we certainly would be able to breathe and live. Every instant we expected to see that ominous dorsal fin enter and cleave the water of the cave, and then raise our monster to the surface. A max of horror before ending forever our nerve racking vigil. But it came not. The monster remained on the bottom.

Now, if ever, the moment for action by the castaways was at hand. We felt loath to go, for blood still flowed copiously from the doctor's wounded foot—manifestly a state of things that enhanced our danger tenfold. Go we must, and each must take his chance.

Calming myself as best I could, I whispered to the doctor, who leads the way:

"You, if you like," he rejoined.

In this reply there was nothing suggestive of cowardliness, for to follow in the wake of a trail of blood left by the doctor's foot was, in the event of the keen scented shark being absent from the inlet, equally as dangerous as swimming in the lead in case the brute was still present. So I decided to lead.

Quietly I slid down into the water and anxiously commenced to breast the tide. At the cavern's mouth I

WHY ANIMALS BECOME EXTINCT

Scientists Study the Origin and the Progress of Every Species.

Scientists have for many years been considering the origin of species and the extinction of some varieties of animal life. The catastrophic idea was the one formerly held, and until recently Professor Osborne, of Columbia University, New York, discussed the whole subject matter in an excellent article in the American Naturalist.

The subject is of considerable interest to us in Louisiana because of the probable existence here of the spores or germs of that dread animal disease, anthrax or charbon. Its absolute disappearance at some times for many years and its sudden reappearance without any apparent or adequate cause would indicate influences at work with which we at present are unfamiliar, and the references made by Professor Osborne to poisonous vegetation would seem to have some bearing upon the case. In discussing it Professor Osborne says:

Lyell enumerate causes of extinction as follows:

(1) Competition as affected chiefly by the introduction and spread of new forms; (2) agency of insects, that is, caterpillars, ants, locusts, in favoring or checking the growth of plants and thus affecting the food supply of animals; (3) intimate reciprocal relations of animals and plants in the delicate balance of food supply; (4) disturbance of the equilibrium or balance of nature by the introduction of new species of vertebrated animals; (5) changes in physical geography affecting zoological and botanical provinces and migration of land or water connections, facilitating introduction of new competing forms; (6) causes especially affecting the life.

Darwin also dismissed all ideas of catastrophes, and attributed extinction to cessation of world-wide conditions of life favorable to the larger quadrupeds. Causes quite inappreciable by us, he thought, might determine the extinction of a species—some slight variation in climate, food or the number of enemies, as in the article from which we quote, the writer describes the case of the so-called "external causes" of extinction, which include changes in physical environment such as the alteration of land masses and their connections, and changes of climate; and changes in the living environment, such as deforestation, alteration in food supply, the development of parasites or new insects, etc. Any such changes as these might be sufficient to kill off a whole species in the course of centuries without recourse to any kind of "catastrophe."

Many Uses For the Bison.

Preserving the bison on sentimental ground is sufficient reason for the more intelligent of our people, but sentimental ground is not at all sufficient to the average American mind. And it is, therefore, with wisdom that Mr. Barnes has sought to extend the appeal which the bison has for many different kinds of people. For though, last winter's edge, cut up to question of buffalo wool. A small quantity was manufactured just as it was shed by the animals, was carded at a factory and later spun and knitted into gloves which proved very warm and, so far as could be judged from a few months' wear, durable as well. Samples of this wool and yarn have been submitted to manufacturers, who all agree that these goods are of a very good quality, that for a while it could demand a high price as a novelty and have a reasonable price for general utility purposes where light colors are not desired. Further than this Mr. Baynes has found who are interested in the bison as a food animal, and still others who are inclined to give car to the voice of the society because they believe that by rearing the bison with certain breeds of domestic cattle, a valuable new breed may be built up from crossing with some rather conservative scientific men have expressed the view that the bison farms would prove profitable in any of the States included in the animal's former range.—Harper Whitney's "View-Point," in The Outlook Magazine.

The Dog Was Tired.

A little incident that occurred on the late General Shafter in an article on the capture of Santiago illustrates the spirit of the American soldier and sailor. Cook, at the same time, contains a bit of humor that was none the less enjoyable because it was unconscious.

Some men had been in battle all day, and, weary as they were, had then walked eleven rough, muddy miles in the dark. It remarkable and strenuous performance, which served to show their sterling military qualities.

A correspondent noticed a corporal of the Twenty-fifth Colored Regiment carrying a pet dog in his arms. Surprised that an overworked soldier should volunt